

WEST SIDE MISSION.

Since our last letter we have been busy as ever, and God has been blessing and helping the work and adding unto the church a few about every week and showering blessings upon all who come to his house of worship. Although we have hindrances and discouragements to overcome, still the good work goes on. A week or so ago we had a pleasant call from Misses Moomaw and Mohler, not together but at different times. Miss Moomaw is attending a missionary school on the South Side; Miss Mohler was attending a few of Dr. Dowie's meetings and spent part of an afternoon with us. Although brother and sister McFaden were not at home we had a pleasant visit, and it always does us good to have our friends come, as it makes us realize that they are interested in the work and in us. After Sister Mohler returned home to Lima, Ind., she, with other brothers and sisters, remembered the needy and suffering with provisions, clothing, etc., all of which we appreciate very much, and the Lord will bless them for all that every one does. Sister Sprinkle paid us a friendly call this week; brother and sister Baker, of Ohio, spent the day with us and left a mite for the work. Come and go along to the mission and see where we live and work during the evenings. We start out and go along Lexington St., and facing the mission we see the sign and motto above the door and windows—

"West Side Mission."

"God is love all the time." "Mission Open every night."

Looking down toward the bottom of the window we see a large picture of "Christ Before Pilate," and our literature scattered in the window seat. Stepping inside we notice the mottoes on the wall—one side "Christ is all and in all;" "Peace on earth."

"The Brethren Church works for Jesus."

"One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."—Matt. 23:8.

The other side—"Trust and obey;" "Jesus shall reign." Above the pulpit—

"Make Jesus known he will do the saving."

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."—Mark 16:15.

A TERRIBLE SCENE.

One afternoon I went out to find and call on one of our sisters. Not knowing just how to go or just what car to take, I found myself on the wrong car; getting off and crossing over several streets from N. Clark St., I came to a dirty, rough-looking place, and was aroused out of my

thoughts of where I was going by awful screams. Stepping back and along an alley I saw a number of men, women and children quarreling, fighting and screaming; fences and partitions had been torn down and scattered about. I was horrified. Some were drunk and, in fact, I do not know but that they all were excepting the little ones. They were undoubtedly filled with the curse that this city is so full of and is dragging hundreds and thousands down in degradation and everlasting torment.

The scene grew worse and worse, and it made my blood run cold—I don't know but my hair stood on end too—but God was with me. Not very far from where I was standing a mother grabbed up her child by its dress and knocked it against a board that was braced up against the side of a building, declaring she would kill him. It did seem that she had accomplished her work, but no, after a time the little fellow breathed again. By that time the police were knocking them (the parents) right and left. They carried the brutal women to the station and took the child somewhere else, I did not learn where, while many of the others were taken to the station. It actually was the worst thing I ever saw. They that walk in the dark and work in sin and wickedness must and will suffer the consequence. I pitied them in their wretched state, and yet how much more pity and anxiety did the Master and the Father feel for them. Oh, there is so much need of help to feed them upon the bread of life. I took the car and started to visit one of our sick members. How different the atmosphere! How pure and sweet the surroundings in that home, where we could talk about Jesus in peace and praise God for his goodness. We have a dear spot here where we all gather together in one place of one accord to learn of God and make preparation for better work for the Lord—and that place is our "Mission." Pray for us and all

DAGO STREET.

A few days ago we were out looking after the sick and to whom we might bring a little comfort. We passed along quite a distance and come to an open space on one side of the street. I suppose it is a block square. This place is much lower than the walk and the condition the streets were in, muddy and wet, made it worse yet. But for all that the place was almost entirely covered with children of all ages and sizes. Some were clothed and others were clothed in spots. There were bright eyes and pretty faces. They needed care and religious training. Most of them knew nothing about going to Sunday-

school, etc. We went over a shabby, broken walk, into a dilapidated settlement. We stood at a corner and watched the children hopping, skipping and jumping. Although it was a hard looking place a great many families lived there and it is home to them. We stopped a moment and counted the little ones. There were over 100. Some could talk with us and others could not speak our language, and yet there were families of our own nationality living there, who have scarcely the necessities of life because of no work to be had. We went into a home and before leaving asked for a Bible and would have prayer. The mother looked for a moment at me and as her eyes filled with tears she said, "I have no Bible." But we went to the Lord in prayer, and I told her we would get them a Bible. They had a five day's notice to get out of the flat they were in, and were compelled to get out, but they did not have to stay in the street for they were fortunate enough to find another place. They need a Bible and they need to live by it. May God help them to take his Word and follow his instruction.

Meeting a lady and talking with her about salvation, she said, "Well I am a good Christian, I don't believe it is necessary for me to go to church, so I have not bothered myself nor been to church for over five years." "What have you done for the Lord?" I asked. "I have stayed to home and minded my own business," she said. In further conversation with her, I learned that she had her name on the church book in this city, but she put her light under a bushel and no one saw it. I doubt if God saw any light. If we are hermits and hide ourselves away and keep out of his service, or not allow ourselves to be in the least instrumental in "holding forth the word of life," I fear he will not know us. What an awful thing when we are called to meet the righteous Judge and have nothing to answer what we have done for our own salvation and the salvation of others, or having been useful in making others happy and helping them along the upward path of life. So sad, so sad, to not be known.

A FULL DAY'S WORK.

This is Monday, April 12, and all are usually well, only a little tired from yesterday's hard work. We left the home about 9:30 A. M., for Sunday-school and preaching. Brother Hazlett, of New Troy, Mich., was with us and gave us a good practical sermon. We are glad to have our brother with us and help us along and encourage us in the work here. We came home to dinner fifteen minutes of one o'clock and at 2:30 or a little be-